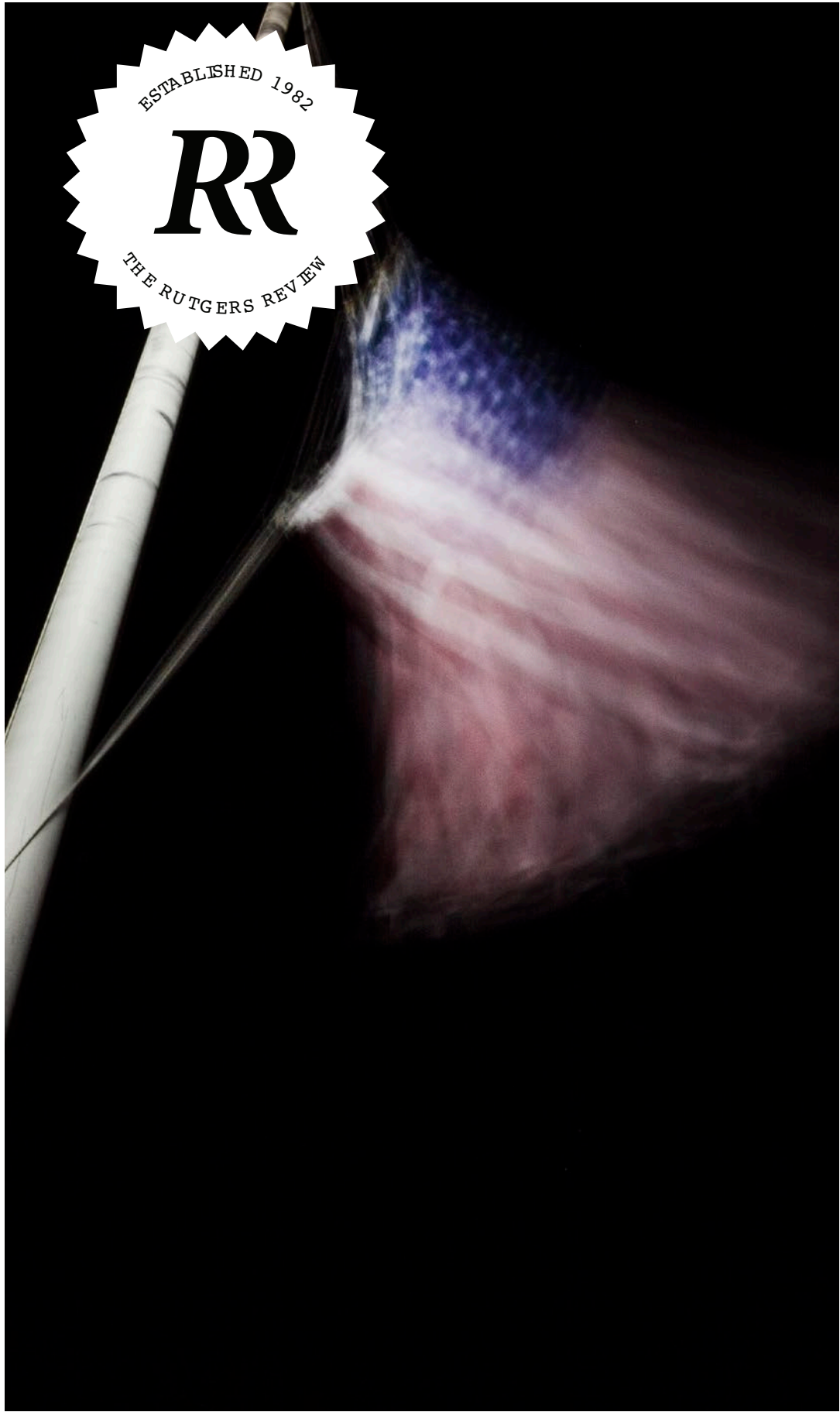




Curious // Tor // #NoTampa // Aussie // w4m



Analog Gaming
CULTURE

Life Without Parole
CULTURE

Hot Feet
A&E

RU Trippin'?
FEATURE

It's Not a Guitar
MUSIC

5's for Guys
POTPOURRI

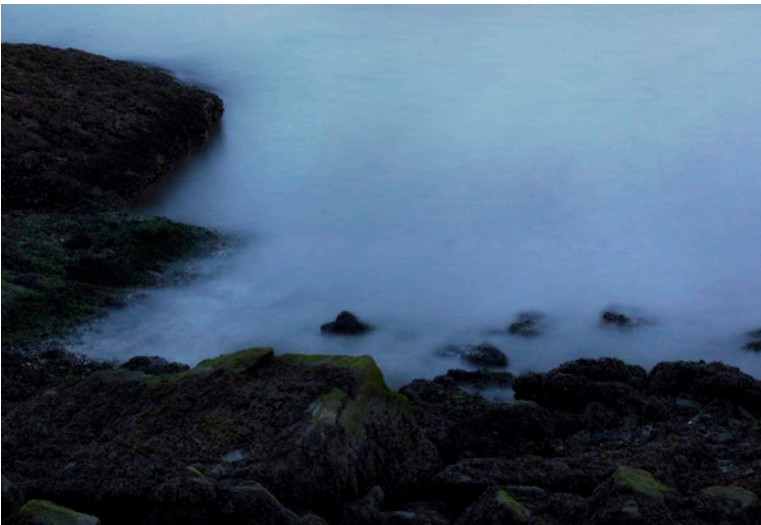


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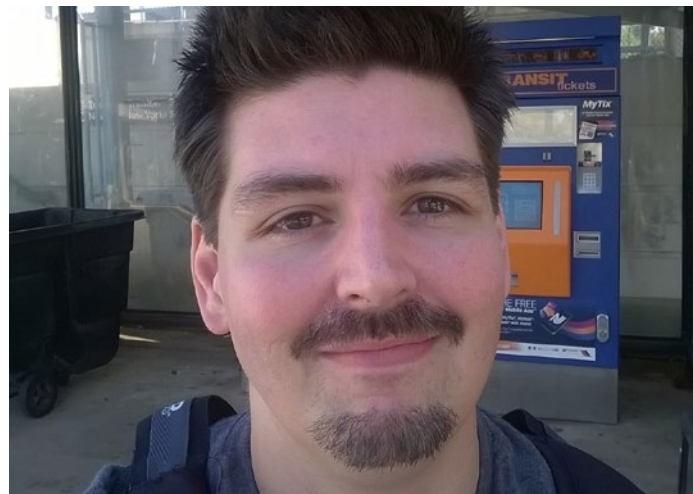
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Hi my name is Roshni (Rosh-knee). I'm a short brown girl who ventured into the city for a year and a half for school. Now I'm a Junior at Rutgers University studying Public Relations. I'm the new Arts and Entertainment Editor! I enjoy long walks to the RU food truck for a fat beach and binge watching The Office.



Michael Satterfield was born in North Carolina. In his formative years he lived in Mainz, Germany, Woodstock Georgia, and eventually moved to N.J. Michael homeless in N.J until he found a home in the Garden State Youth Correctional Facility. In that Prison was where he began his education. During his stay he was able to get an essay published in a book edited by Harvard Education Review: "Disrupting the School to Prison Pipeline." He obtained an AA from MCCC and is now working on his BA at Rutgers majoring in Comp lit with a minor in German.



The last issue of the semester is always one that starts a new era for the review. With people in and out of their magazine year to year, it's nice to see a progression in creativity and talent every year. For our last issue of the semester, we wanted to show some fun summer destinations to go to. Places you wouldn't always find yourself going. This issue, the last one for my time here at the Review, gives me hope for the future of the Review. The new people who will run this magazine in the coming year are creative, they work hard, and are amazing at what they do. I can't say enough about why the Review is the best place to work. The family here at the Review is inviting, passionate and loyal. I will miss it dearly.

Thank You Rutgers Review.
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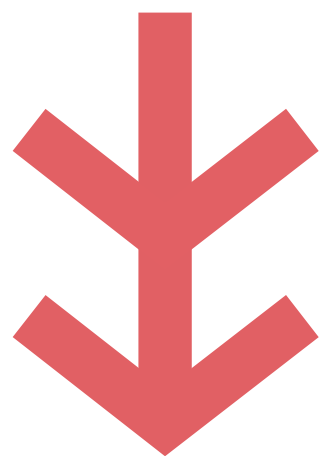
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Steven Costa

FÚTBOL

The Euro, Copa
and Olympics all
in one Summer

For any fan of the game of soccer, the prospects this summer are mouth watering. From the European Championship, or Euro as it is more commonly known, taking place in France, to the Copa America taking place right here at home, and the Olympics in Brazil, anyone who enjoys soccer understands that this summer will provide more whistles, goals, upsets, disappointments, Cinderella stories, and top class international soccer than any summer in recent memory. The Euro is a competition that involves the best twenty-four nations from Europe this year being the first with the twenty-four-team format. When describing those nations as the best is to say that the nations that will be participat-

ing had to guarantee their presence through a vigorous qualification process that involved fifty-four European nations and took two years to complete. Obviously, given the qualification process and format upsets do occur, and this year will be the first since 1984 that the Netherlands, a historically significant European powerhouse, will not participate in the Euro; especially surprising given their third place finish at the 2014 World Cup. Nevertheless, the three time World Cup runner up, and Euro 1988 Champion, will be unequivocally missed. Other notable absentees include Denmark, the winners of the 1992 tournament, and, to a lesser extent, Greece, the 2004 winners. Moreover, in respect to the reputation of the Euro, it is almost unanimous across the global



The special aspect of this summer, though, is precisely the fact that these three tournaments are taking place at the same time

soccer community that the Euro is the most prestigious soccer tournament after the World Cup. Many even call the Euro “the World Cup without the big South American 5,” Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Colombia, and Chile.

However, the Copa America is surely defended by many. The Copa America is the competition that involves all of the South American nations and certain nations that are invited to participate in the tournament due to the low number

This Copa America is special. This will be a centenary celebration of CONMEBOL, the Confederacion Sudamericana de Fútbol

of nations in South America. Usually, only two additional teams are invited to take the total number to twelve. However, this Copa America is special. This will be a centenary celebration of CONMEBOL, the Confederacion Sudamericana de Fútbol, or the South

American Football Confederation in English, and the Copa America. This time it will take place in the United States, the first time this tournament will be hosted outside of South America. Thus, the name “2016 Copa América Centenario.” Also, there will be sixteen teams instead of twelve with the United States, Mexico, Jamaica, Costa Rica, Haiti, and Panama being the invitees. The United States and Mexico’s rivalry will be interesting to see if tested in this tournament, and the presence of Costa Rica, or Los Ticos, who were the Cinderella story of the 2014 World Cup is also intriguing.

Then we have the Olympics. Soccer in the Olympics is an opportunity for the younger generations to showcase their abilities. The teams are under 23 with the exception of only three players. The Olympics, along with other youth tournaments, is an opportunity for fans

of the sport to look at promising talents in the world of soccer. The special aspect of this summer, though, is precisely the fact that these three tournaments are taking place at the same time. Usually, the Euro, the Copa America, and the World Cup take place in different years with four-year intervals. The last Euro was in 2012, the last Copa America in 2015, and the last World Cup in 2014 with the Africa Cup of Nations and CONCACAF Gold Cup, the North and Central American competition taking place every two years simultaneously while the AFC Asian Cup takes place every four in unison with the Copa America. However, because of the centenary celebration of the Copa America, we now have a situation where two major tournaments will take place in the same summer as the Olympics, which is always in the same year as the Euro. This Copa America will have no impact on the 2017 Confederations Cup, the competition between the victors of each confederational tournament and host of the 2018 World Cup, Russia, and will serve only as a celebratory event. Ultimately, though, the tournament will provide its usual expected excitement, and the Euro along with the Olympics will give us soccer fans, regardless of interest, plenty of material and excitement during the summer, where many usually rue the ending of the regular club season. One important feature of this summer, though, is the threat of terrorism, and there has already been talk of certain games in France being played in closed doors. The threat may be present in the United States, as well. In short, those who are fanatically obsessed with the sport and analyze every play and movement to those who are just quiet admirers will surely be allowed to explore the different styles and cultures of world soccer and enjoy the inevitable entertainment that they will provide.

R

NO MORE



Never did I know the severity of the sexual assault epidemic until I came to Rutgers

I still carry the weight of knowing how many times I had previously consented to jokes about domestic abuse around with me. I remember laughing and agreeing when my friends used the phrase “oh my gosh, that test just raped me,” not even thinking about how triggering that could have been for someone overhearing us.


Then, during my transfer seminar class here at RU, we were made to do a mandatory online sexual assault education module. “Here we go again,” I sighed, resentful for having to complete another pointless orientation program.

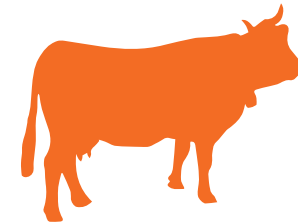
About a minute into the first video, chills began to ripple down my spine as I watched the tears flow from a woman’s face while she relived her first rape for the camera. I was shocked, appalled and enraged - How could someone do this to her? What are we doing to stop it? Are we even doing anything?

I desperately wanted to know more, and shortly after, I was able to. Along with various university programs, the organization at the forefront of it all - the student-ran Rutgers chapter of the “NO MORE” Campaign, a publicly and privately co-funded national non-for-profit - has been changing the game both

here on campus and throughout the nation. Rutgers “NO MORE” has spent the past semester aggregating a following by going to various organizations’ meetings and speaking about their aim - “to raise public awareness and engage bystanders around ending domestic violence and sexual assault” - as well as creating a visual network of advocates by sharing poster-style portraits branded with the “NO MORE” insignia all over social media. Headshots of students also lined the walls of buildings on each of the campuses, allowing passerbyers to recognize familiar faces in the fight against sexual violence.

The campaign focuses on three things - education, destigmatization and collective action. “NO MORE” educates in order to help the public identify what actually constitutes the terms at play, as well as negate highly publicized fallacies about sexual violence. “There are definitely inconsistencies in regards to what students consider to be domestic abuse, sexual assault, and rape,” explained Priya Kantesaria, junior at the School of Arts and Sciences and media manager for the campaign, “which is predominantly due to lack of a standard definition.” She continued on to speak about the movement’s urgency in stopping victim blaming, as well as raising the conversation on the often taboo subject of rape in general. Lastly, the organization places focus on facilitating change through real-life events, such as survivor seminars, roundtable discussions, and rallies here on campus.

Needless to say, my coming to Rutgers made me realize one thing - I can no longer sit by and watch others be brave around me. My friends, family, classmates, and fellow humans deserve more from me - I must join in the fight to end domestic violence and sexual assault. Plus, with such an incredible, inspirational campaign at a university that truly is transforming the struggle right in front of me, pledging “NO MORE” only made sense. 



EVERYTHING’S BIGGER IN TEXAS

★★★ {Except the School Budget} ★★★


by;
Foram
Raval

Growing up in the middle-class suburbs of central New Jersey afforded me a well-rounded, challenging, and overall great K-12 education. This had never been more poignantly apparent to me than during my spring break in Austin, Texas, when I had a casual conversation with two public school teachers. After a few days in this laid-back, liberal city, it felt more like Seattle or Northern California rather than the capital of Texas. My naïveté led me to believe that this hip young town was run differently than the rest of the state. Even the ultra-conservative lawmakers in the State Capitol couldn’t taint Austin’s liberal atmosphere. Since so many people from the coasts have been moving to Austin over the years, I thought their public schools would compare with those on the east coast. As I listened to horror stories of the city’s public education system, however, the rose-colored glasses fell from my eyes.

More children are living below the poverty line today than ever before. This is especially evident in the South, where the majority of public school students live in poverty. According to the Institute of Southern Studies, this is the main contributor to achievement gaps between states like Texas and the rest of the country. This problem is only exacerbated by the fact that public schools in Texas and elsewhere in the South are relying on funding diminished to a trickle by the state legislature. Southern states are simply failing to spend enough on public education. In fact, states like Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi,

provide less than \$10,000 dollars of taxpayers’ money per year for each student’s public education. The consequences of this lack of funding have hit students the hardest.

I spoke to a special education teacher who said she taught at a middle school in the Austin school district. She explained that despite all of Austin’s great attributes, municipal school districts have to abide by the standards put forth by the state of Texas. The state has some rather interesting policies on sex education. For example, abstinence is the only option educators are allowed to go over with students. This teacher could lose her job for even mentioning contraception at school. With this in mind, it’s no wonder that studies conducted by the National Center for Health Statistics have shown that southern states like Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana have among the highest teen birth rates in the country.

Texas state legislators have created an environment in which teachers are censored by the status quo. Teachers like the ones I spoke to dedicate themselves to working with children in underprivileged areas every day, only to be met with intimidation tactics and apathy from the district’s administration. The Texas Board of Education is charting a dangerous course for the state by leaving a generation of students inadequately prepared for adult life in the 21st century. Based on the abysmal performance of public schools in the South, these institutions are ultimately creating casualties out of poor students, left unable to matriculate into a decent life. 

More children are living below the poverty line today than ever before

CRIMINALS & TACOS

→ Michael Satterfield



I went and ate at a sort of new Taco Place. I'd only heard of the place the day before. The name intrigued me: Criminals and Tacos. I was incarcerated for the majority of a decade. I'm not offended at all by being referred to as a criminal, a convict, ex-con, inmate, former-inmate, or any other derogatory names. So, I actually was a little surprised to learn that this particular business has been under-fire for the mixture of decor and its name.

I wanted to learn more about Criminals and Tacos before making a judgement. I reasoned that the celebratory mug-shots might have been justified in many ways. I thought that maybe the decor was to remind people that many artists, revolutionaries, and heroes of all kinds have been incarcerated. I hoped that the people

who ran it were perhaps working with halfway houses to allow incarcerated individuals with minimum-level security status with jobs. I thought of many reasons why this taco-joint would prove itself to be a public service in some respect. Then I went to eat there with a friend.

When I walked in I felt semi-disoriented. My friend told me he had ordered a "death sentence." I examined the mugshots. I looked over the menu. The menu is composed of items like; "Shank", "Tossed salad", "Jail Break", "Conjugal Visit", "Community Service", "Rehabilitation", "Life Without Parole", and "Death Penalty." I chose "Community Service" and began questioning someone, who spoke as though the place belonged to him. I didn't get a name. I asked if Criminals and Tacos employed ex-offenders. He told me that they worked with various programs. I asked which programs. He only offered one name, that of a food pantry. The only service that I know of that the food pantry does for ex-offenders is donating meals to a parole-house. I then asked the proprietor whether or not they hired ex-offenders who were currently students at Rutgers. The man told me that they only hired

ex-offenders through these unmentionable programs, and that the programs insured the ex-offenders. Insurance of an ex-offender (as I understand it) is an action taken by the Department of Corrections or Parole. It's usually reserved for people who only committed minor offenses. The proprietor retreated as he served me a Mexican coke and a taco. I considered asking him to look over my impeccable resume and telling me why I needed to be insured to work anywhere. I chose not to.

My taco wasn't bad. It actually was good, it was expensive, and tasted like it might have been semi-healthy. I wasn't impressed. This is in part because my taco was presented on a wrapper situated on a comically large tray. The proprietor had thanked me for my patronage twice during our discourse, but this did not make myself or my friend feel overly welcome. It was like eating at a fastfood place. I just wanted to eat and get out.

It is hard to be upset by people who created Criminals and Tacos. This is my understanding of them, that they are too ignorant of their own ignorance to truly be enraged by their creation. Criminals and Tacos existence is only disturbing to me, because it is indicative of a

greater societal unawareness of how those who have served their sentences are treated upon release. Now, there is another issue regarding the treatment of Mexican immigrants as Criminals, since the majority of the staff that I saw were hispanic, I'm unsure of whether this is an issue. The place seemed to be focused primarily on American or European criminals. I believe that there is no reason to be angry with the creators of Criminals and Tacos, because they are like children tearing the wings off of butterflies. They do not understand that what they are doing may be perceived as wrong. A child would be educated by adults as to why their actions are disruptive. The people who produced Criminals and Tacos are adults and as such they are responsible for educating themselves as to why their behaviour might be prejudicial. The proprietors don't to even have an understanding of how insisting that former inmates be insured, is not offering a second chance, but instead insisting that those like me are supposed to be treated differently.

RR

What can you do with an INTERNET CONNECTION?

The Dark Web is all the parts of the internet that have been intentionally hidden.

 **Sam Shopp**

There's a place on the internet that you're not supposed to know about. This is a place where there are no laws and where, with a lot of precaution, a resourceful young rebel can find anything their criminal heart desires. In the first step towards embracing my new lifestyle as a nihilist, cyberpunk hacker I visited this place and am willing to risk incriminating myself by penning this article here.

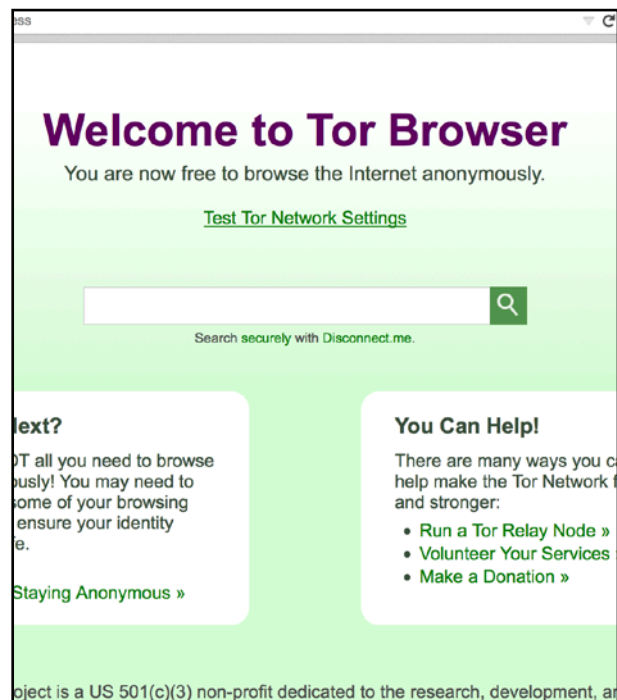
Many people have heard about the Dark Web from the Netflix show *House of Cards* but often get it confused with the Deep Web or the Dark Internet. Simply put, the Deep Web is all the places on the internet which you cannot normally access and consists of anything a search engine could not find. Many of these sites are completely innocuous, like certain pages

Browsers such as Tor Browser are able to peruse the internet anonymously, where users are able to search for products such as cannabis.

of travel sites or online banking sites. But the Dark Web is all the parts of the internet that have been intentionally hidden. You cannot access them through your Safari or Chrome, and you definitely cannot find them on google. The Dark Web is where you go to purchase drugs, weapons, contract killers, or counterfeit money. There are communities of hackers working as political activists, crusaders against the Illuminati, or peddlers of malware. If you've ever heard of the Silk Road, the Dark Web is where you could have found it (before the FBI shut it down, that is).

I began my search by downloading a browser called Tor, which is the only way to access the Dark Web. Tor is a way to keep you somewhat anonymous by obscuring your IP Address, and the Tor network is the home to almost all Dark Web sites. My journey started on a site called the Hidden Wiki, which is a good starting point because it provides you all the necessary information to begin your life as a cyber outlaw. As soon as I opened the page, I could feel my heart beating a little faster. I knew that Tor was keeping my identity pretty safe, but I had a red pill in my hand and I was about to see how deep this rabbit hole goes.

One of the first sites I explored was Grams, a (quite beautiful) search engine for illegal products (drugs, mostly for drugs). I started by searching for "marijuana", but then I realized



that this was some weak, normie, college student shit and upped the search to DMT. For a mere .29 Bitcoin (about 125\$), I could have purchased 500mg of pure DMT. There was even a vendor in the US, selling from the AlphaBay Market, but unfortunately, an account is required to browse that site and I can't even begin to fathom the dangers behind doing something like that.

But on the other hand, I was honestly all in at this point, so I said "fuck it" and set up an account. This was the REAL Dark Web. I could buy anything from "1g Afghan Heroin" to \$1,230 worth of LSD. It wasn't just drugseither. Fully adopting a seedy, digital criminal persona, I found listings for 12-gauge shotguns, stolen credit cards, butterflyknives, etc.


However, being a college student (and therefore absolutely broke), this was all useless to me. That's when I found Besa Mafia, a site apparently hosted by the Albanian Mafia. Do you have enemies in life? Have a friend who won't pay back the \$5 you lent him? Are you looking for a way out of your miserable marriage but are too much of a passive-aggressive coward to actually go through with the process of divorce and would rather arrange a hit on your spouse so that you can solve the problem permanently and reel in months of sympathy from all your friends and family? Then Besa Mafia is the site for you. These are professional killers, who will anonymously and quickly kill or beat up anyone for a price. And, according to their website,

The Albanian Mafia hosts a website where you can actually hire a killer or hacker, and is accessible through the darknet.

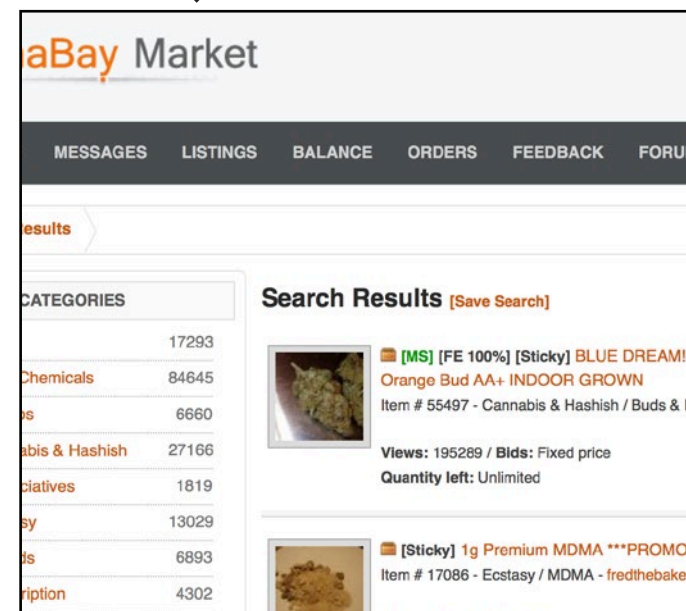
"for an extra fee, Besa Mafia can make it look as an accident." They truly can do it all.

You pay only once the hit has been carried out, and all payments are done through Bitcoin. And if you're worried about the sketchiness of this, don't be. They guarantee "you will be happy with your service."

This is just the surface. There are so many places to explore, so many horrible things to see and uncover. Frankly, I can't unsee some of the things I found. After a while, I began to wonder if this marked a turning point in my life. I jokingly thought I was starting a new life as a hacker without morals, a cyberspace cowboy, but this place sucked me in quickly.

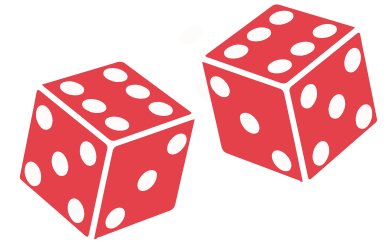
Make your own decision as to whether or not you check out the Dark Web. It's a lawless place, with traps on all sides. If the FBI doesn't get you, another hacker might. Some people, dedicated to protecting the freedom of information, have used their anonymity and programming skills for good, but others use those tools to hack into your webcams, steal your identity, or infect you with malware. It is dangerous, but as someone who grew up in the suburbs and has spent their life in first world comfort, it might be one of the only dangerous places left. 

Users are able to browse through drug and cannabis sites in addition to others, such as this alphabay market.





Bored? Games!



**Charles
Gare**

Finding good board games is tough; it's a hobby that's nerdiness is matched only by its steep prices. Amidst the sea of overpriced pieces and expansions are some true hidden gems. Below I've listed some of the most popular and accessible games currently available.

SETTLERS OF CATAN

For those who have too many friends and don't mind losing some of them.

Catan, too high and mighty to still include the Settlers of prelude, is one of the most famous board games of all time, and for good reason; it's accessible, has the potential for a myriad of strategies, and involves just enough luck that anyone can win. It will also make you hate everyone you're playing with. You will curse, you might even cry, and you will definitely get tired of people trying to trade you their sheep in the beginning of the game. Seriously, no one wants your fucking sheep.

TICKET TO RIDE

For those who have traveled to a shit ton of European countries and want an unfair advantage.

Ticket to Ride is a card-based building game where you try to expand your burgeoning railroad empire across Europe. The game is easy to pickup, but it ends up being a lot more difficult than you might think as you try to connect an uninterrupted route all the way from Barcelona to Moscow. The game states "The player who has visited the most European countries in his lifetime begins the game", a rule you can obviously ignore. Still, if you've studied abroad in Europe you might find yourself arguing that the game rules should always be adhered to.

CODENAMES

For those who think Taboo is too stressful and too loud.

If you've ever played Taboo you know how this one works. Players are split up into teams of at least two (technically you can play with three people, but it's way less competitive), and one player tries to clue in their teammates on specific words out of a grid of choices. Unlike Taboo, you aren't timed, but rather can only give a single word as a clue that might relate to multiple of your team's answers. It's a mind game, featuring aspects of games like Minesweeper and Guess Who?, and really requires you to guess how your teammates think. It's also probably the most anti-social board game imaginable, requiring teammates to refrain from talking or even looking at each other.

SENTINELS OF THE MULTIVERSE

For those who prefer to get mad at the game itself, rather than each other.

Like the smash-hit Pandemic, this one's a role-based cooperative board game. Players choose between a variety of superheroes, from the Superman influenced Legacy to the Flash doppelganger Tachyon. They then choose a villain to face-off against, and an environment for the fight to take place. With ten heroes to choose from straight out of the box, the possible combinations will leave you coming back for more. The amount of counting required can be daunting, but thankfully the game includes a ton of counter pieces.



The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time

Mary Berko

A special boy that struggles to interpret everyday life and its people

A show that revolves around a young boy and a mystery leaves no questions as to why it won the 2015 Tony Award for Best Play! This creative, conceptual, and engaging Broadway play was one of the best pieces of theater I've seen thus far.

The play itself is an adaptation of Mark Haddon's best-selling novel, *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime*. The protagonist of the book and play is Christopher, a 15-year-old boy who has a beautifully brilliant brain, but none of the social cues. On the autistic spectrum, he struggles to interpret everyday life and its endless stream of emotions from others.

What makes this show remarkably extravagant and a true stand-out is its ability to grasp the inner workings of Christopher's autistic mind. The stage itself did not actually have set pieces or scenery; instead, it was simply a box with grid markings on it. There were a few boxes on the sides of the stage that were used throughout the show. What this stage did, however, was truly remarkable. When Christopher would draw pictures, words, or math problems on the grid with chalk, it would appear instantly on the walls of the stage. His innermost thoughts were brought to life with boxes that lit up and screens that flashed.

The audience had a chance to see what it might be like to spend a day immersed in this child's thoughts. Every detail of the story was brought to life through the stage, even though there weren't traditional set pieces like chairs or cars or cupboards. The other actors in the show emulated things like Christopher's bed or his coat-hanger. Everything that happens onstage was extremely engaging, keeping the audience in a trance-like state, wondering what imaginative, colorful, creative thing would happen next. Even the movement of

the characters was modern and interesting. When

Christopher describes his day in a robotic, quick, monotone, overly precise way, the actors in the "ensemble" help him through it. They take off his jacket and hang it up and help him move through his actions in a fast-forward type of choreography.

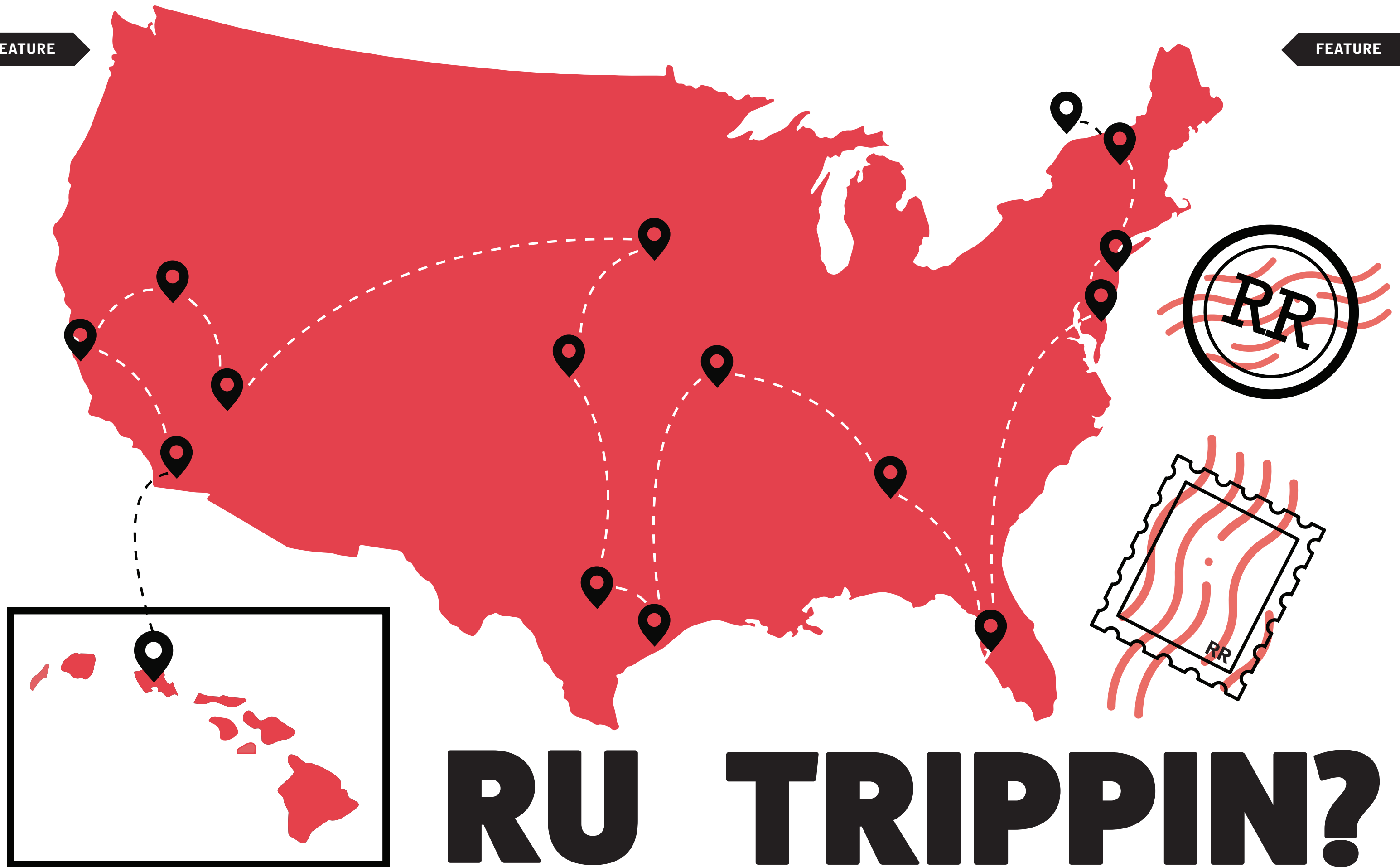
When Christopher's mind broke down in the show like when something went wrong, when he didn't understand life, or when he had something similar to a panic attack, the audience experienced it with him. The stage would flash harsh reds and bright lights while loud noises disrupted the atmosphere. The feel of a computer breaking down or spamming out was completely present.

While on the stage itself, the lighting and movement stimulated the audience and really brought out the great acting. Each character was flawless in their portrayal of those in Christopher's life. The emotions were so raw and real, it was as though you could see them cut through the air and reach out to your seat.

Christopher's character is perhaps one of the most difficult to portray. The actor who played him, Benjamin Wheelwright, did an amazing job of showing the audience all sides of Christopher... from his playful ability to learn things in a fun and carefree way, to his anxiety when things were not going his way, to his lack of understanding when his dad says, "I love you."

The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime was truly an amazing experience. One that I hope many will be able to have before it closes this summer. The show itself is so powerful and brings forth the topic of special needs, which is forever relevant.

RR





Silverball Museum Arcade Asbury Park, NJ

Foram Raval

The Silverball Museum is a one-of-a-kind staple at our very own Jersey Shore. This beach-side attraction is an interactive museum, that opens the door to the United State's rich history of pinball and arcade gaming. It houses an extensive collection of rare, vintage pinball machines that have been restored, and are ready to use. You can have the unique experience of playing on machines that were popular in 50s, 60s, 70s, and 80s. They also house a variety of more contemporary pinball machines featuring interesting themes. After seeing all the creativity poured into making pinball machines, one gains a greater appreciation for the art. Another great thing about the Silverball Museum is that although their main draw is the pinball collection, they also incorporate an assortment of vintage arcade games and attractions, including Pac-Man, Donkey Kong, and the fan favorite Centipede. So why not make this fun and quirky local destination the first stop on the road trip this summer?

Tam-Tams Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Eric Weck

There's no better way to get over a week of stress (or a weekend hangover) than spending your Sunday at Montreal's unofficial Tam-Tams Festival. Situated around the George-Étienne Cartier Monument in the city's famous Mont Royal Park, the gathering started as a place for drum circle performers to practice jamming. Now, decades later, it still keeps its drum circle origins while boasting a huge weekly turnout of weed, booze and dancing, smiling, sunbathing people.

Firefly Music Festival The Woodlands, Dover International Speedway Dover, Delaware

Laura Curry

Ever since 2012, thousands of people flock to Dover, Delaware for Firefly Music Festival in mid-June. This multi-genre four-day event occurs at The Woodlands, which is a 105-acre festival ground with seven stages as well as an intimate acoustic performance venue, The Treehouse Sessions. Along with the wide selection of music which ranges from rap to alternative rock and EDM, there are plenty of activities, food and drinks to choose from to satisfy all of your cravings. Most festival-goers choose to camp in tents or RV's in the grounds adjacent to the festival, and this might become a problem when a thunderstorm rolls through and heavy rain sends you running to your cars. But who knows, maybe it wouldn't be an authentic musical festival experience

without interference from the weather or worrying about your neighbors falling or throwing up on your tent in the middle of the night. All those details aside, Firefly Music Festival has been the highlight of each summer for the past two years and it was my dream come true to see Paul McCartney and listen to "Hey Jude" in a sea of thousands of fans. And honestly, I just love being able to say "I heard that song live at Firefly" on a regular basis.

Unclaimed Baggage Center Scottsboro, Alabama

Steven C

If you're interested in shopping while you're on a cross country road trip but want to explore something quirky, uncanny, and unique, one incredibly interesting option is the Unclaimed Baggage Center in Alabama. This retailer collects unclaimed luggage from airlines and sells the items to whoever can fork up the cash. Shelves are stocked with items and luggage from passengers who have permanently parted ways with their property. You can think of it as a large lost and found or as a mega thrift store. So, if you're interested in buying other people's lost property or you're just interested in seeing what people don't find important enough to claim, the Unclaimed Baggage Center might be a good stop for you.



Ben and Jerry's Flavor Graveyard Waterbury, Vermont

Anyone who enjoys ice cream has to have tried Ben and Jerry's. Indeed, it is one of the most, if not the most, popular ice cream brand around, and if you're an extremely dedicated ice cream aficionado and Ben and Jerry's enthusiast, there might not be a better place to visit than Ben and Jerry's Flavor Graveyard. All of the flavors that have been retired by the company and the flavors that might just not have made the cut are all "buried" in this popular tourist destination. Obviously, for those of who have lost a beloved flavor, a tribute can be paid to those who are no longer with us, but I would advise mourners to pay their respects accordingly and not be tempted to indulge in the deliciousness of ice cream while paying their respects. Ultimately, this attraction can prove to be a really fun place to visit if you're interested in taking a trip up north.

Tampa, FL

Eric Weck

I DARE you to step foot into the Tampa Bay Area. Actually, no I don't. Florida in general is bad enough, and Tampa is no exception. The city and its surroundings form a cesspool of your worst nightmares - EDM ravers, ex-Jerseyans and college student Trump supporters at every turn. The water has a consistency as thick as milk and you can never quite wash all of the Range Rover gas fumes off your skin. The city is crowded with urban fit moms and the beach is covered with drunk underagers that love to use the Gulf of Mexico as their personal trash can. Dreams come to die here and I wouldn't be surprised if you failed to come out alive too. **YOU'VE BEEN WARNED.**

THE

EAST



Austin, Texas

Tim Schobel

There's no better place to "keep it weird" than in Austin, Texas. This town is just bursting from the seams with creative energy. From the city's countless murals to its wide variety of concert venues, Austin offers visitors endless opportunities for artistic expression and appreciation. Here, in the "Live Music Capital of the World," residents have their pick among a myriad of music festivals year round, including but certainly not limited to SXSW, Fun Fun Fun Fest, Levitation, and Austin City Limits. It's no wonder that these shows draw some pretty eccentric crowds from all over the world. For artists and their fans alike, Austin is easy to call home.

The world's largest ball of yarn Cawker Kansas

Ed Weisgerber

How many people still visit this thing, the perpetual joke is just that. I want to verify that the punching bag of every dad's road trip arsenal is really a roadside stop somewhere in the middle of this great big country.

The Fantastical Cathedral of Junk Austin, Texas

Michael Satterfield

While you're in Austin visit the bizarre attraction known as the Cathedral of Junk. The Cathedral of junk was constructed by Vince Hannemann, who began gathering trash, and manipulating it into a structure in 1988. He collected trash that interested him that he found interesting and that could be added to his peculiar vision. He no longer has to go out and look for components to add to the junk people frequently bring him contributions. Vince's creation consists of rooms, gardens, and despite the name many could claim that this is not junk, but found art growing into a massive structure. Due to complaints and various laws pertaining to buildings of a certain size, and height the structure has been reshaped for legal purposes. Though it is reportedly safe enough to withstand the devastating storms of texas. Structurally it is sound but what is it?

It is difficult to describe or be contained within a few words. It is a twisted collection, a chaotic assemblage, it is the garbage of the past century. Days, could be spent within the structure and it is unlikely a mind could fully fathom the compilation of the forgotten bits and pieces of people's lives. The Cathedral of Junk a memoir of consumption, a celebration of the abandoned dreams of the 20th century, and a place that must be explored.

St. Louis City Museum: The Adult Sized Playground

Fiha A.

If you ever miss your Chuck E Cheese days of ball pits and sky-tubes, the City Museum in St. Louis is the place for you. An old shoe factory converted to stories of interactive exhibitions. There is everything from a rooftop ferris wheel, caves, abandoned planes, and multi-floor slides. This amalgamation of eclectic materials brings about one of the greatest playgrounds in history. Arcades, skate parks, and a daily circus make a debut in this always changing museum. If you ever get hungry, there are multiple restaurants and cafes, so there is almost no reason to ever leave this urban playground.

Houston, Texas

Roshni Kamta

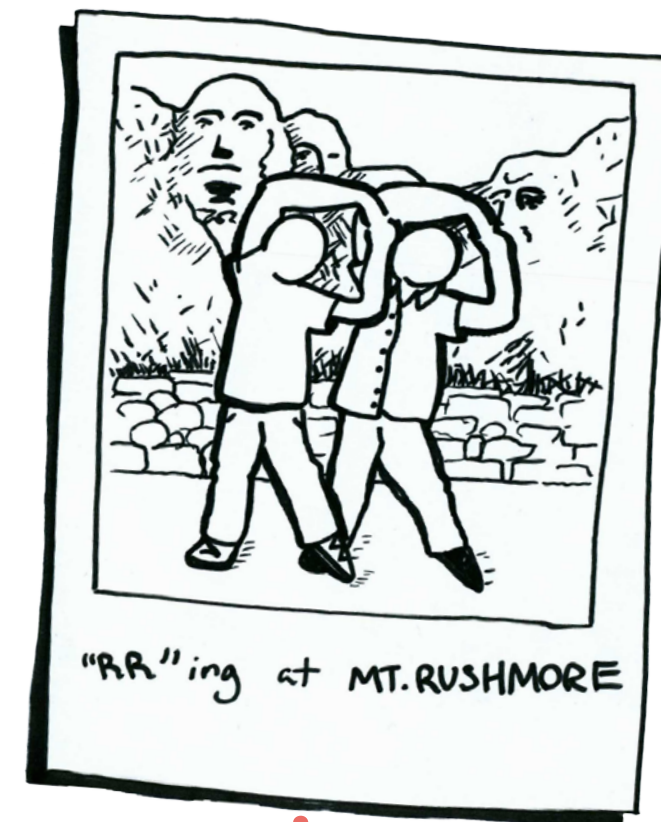
It was mid July and I had a delayed flight in Houston, Texas. So my cousin picked me up from the airport and we headed to the gas station. When I think of a gas station, I see a max of six pumps and if you live in New Jersey a gas attendant waiting to fill your tank up. However, as the saying goes, "Everything Is Big In Texas" and they weren't kidding... Buc-cee's gas station is the world's largest gas station. With 60 gas pumps

available for any weary gas light stricken driver. Like Houston we have a problem... You don't have to worry there are plenty of pumps available! I was in awe when I saw this... Oh and if you are hungry or thirsty. No worries Buc-ee's has a massive convenience store. That sells REALLY GOOD fudge. Don't feel like paying for it? Get a free sample and trust me it's enormous! Not a fan of fudge? It's ok because this store literally has whatever and anything that will fill up your appetite. From jerky to tacos! Who doesn't love a good gas station taco? Mmmm... tasty! Well if you find yourself in Houston, Texas and are dying to visit the world's largest gas station! Get yourself to Buc-ee's (Who wants to visit the NASA space station anyway...boring)

The Hobo Museum Britt, Iowa

Steven C

Normally when people think of hobos, not a lot of positive adjectives come to mind. The Hobo Museum in Iowa attempts to undermine these misconceptions. Everything from books to music, this museum contains excitingly intriguing artifacts that have been provided by hobos across the world and over several decades. If you're even more interested in the cultural and artistic contributions of hobos, there is also the National Hobo Convention held every year in August. There is no doubt that the Hobo Museum is a great place to go if you're looking for an unconventional museum, but just like any other museum, you might just learn and appreciate things you might have taken for granted or just didn't realize ever existed.



THE

MIDDLE

Oahu, Hawaii

Ed Weisgerber

One time I was browsing craigslist for apartments in Hawaii, I found a good deal for those who don't like luxuries like indoor plumbing and a/c. A retired school bus in the middle of O'ahu island available for \$300 a month dead center in the island paradise is a go to, 'Aole pilikia as they say

Salvation mountain Salton Sea, California

Delfina P

In the lower desert of Southern California, there exists a colorful painted garbage mountain with the words "God is Love" pasted across the front. Created by Leonard Knight in the 1980's to express his religious devotion, Salvation Mountain is unique because of its painted patterns and isolated desert location. Right around the corner from this desert landmark is Slab City, a desert squatter town named for its abandoned WWII concrete



barracks. Also located a few miles from the mountain is the Salton Sea - a once thriving waterfront resort in the 1950's, it has now become a mostly abandoned town after the lake became extremely polluted and dead fish began to fill the shores and fill the town with a rotting stench. Essentially, if you're near any three of these locations while visiting the southern California desert, it'd be worth it to get the full experience and check them all out.

The Heart Attack Grill Las Vegas, Nevada

Steven C

There is no way you can call yourself an American food lover without experiencing all of the high cholesterol and diabetes that the Heart Attack Grill can offer. This is one of those places you might see on those TLC shows that depicts people traveling across the country eating the strangest and biggest foods in America. There is no doubt that the Heart Attack Grill fits into that category. However, one thing that makes this grill possibly more intriguing than the other places you might see on TV is the theme. Before you eat, you are given a hospital gown, your waitresses are called nurses, and your orders are called prescriptions. There are four types of burgers, which range from the single bypass to the quadruple bypass. The number of patties denotes the name of the burger, and each patty is accompanied with five pieces of bacon. Therefore, if you really want to test your

THE

appetite, your health, and your love of American junk food, you might want to consider the Heart Attack Grill as a good start.

The Republic of Molossia Dayton, Nevada

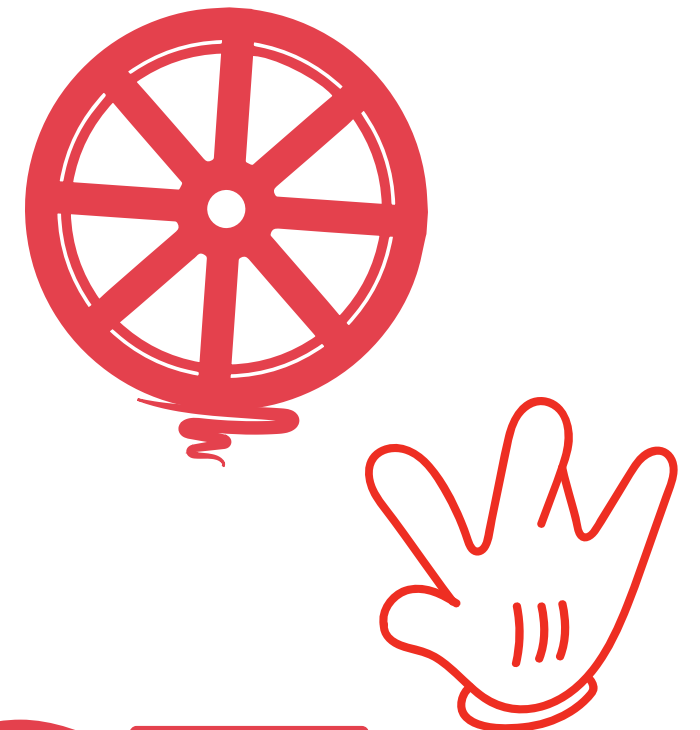
If you're on your way to Las Vegas or Reno, make sure you bring your passport with you and take a trip to the Republic of Molossia. This micronation might just be one of the most interesting places in the country. The President, Kevin Baugh, has declared that the Republic of Molossia is a sovereign nation and has a government, currency, a customs post, a navy, and even a space program. The total population currently stands at 32, according to last census, and if you do plan on visiting this micronation, please make sure to leave outlawed items such as cigarettes and incandescent light bulbs at the border.

Bixby Bridge Big Sur, California

Sam S

For Death Cab and Beat Poetry fans alike, the Bixby Creek Bridge is a magical place in the American mythos. Located in Big Sur, California, the Bixby Bridge is featured in the Jack Kerouac novel Big Sur as the site of Kerouac's bohemian retreat. His cabin was under the

bridge, right by the coast of the Pacific Ocean, and the rocky shore was where he wrote the poem "Sea: Sounds of the Pacific Ocean at Big Sur." The lead singer of Death Cab for Cutie drew a lot of inspiration from authors like Kerouac and wrote the 2008 song "Bixby Canyon Bridge" in his memory. The shore is very dangerous, but the bridge is still a beautiful place for visitors to see the ocean and feel the literary significance in the air. And while you're in the area, check out the City Lights Bookstore, founded and frequented by other beat poets like Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg.



WEST

bands on the BARBIE



➔ Ed Weisgerber

When the freakbeat, surfers, psychedelics, and garage rockers died off and broke up in the U.S. and England in the late 1960's, it left a void where good old R&B inspired teenage punk needed to be. Sure there were the Sex Pistols and Ramones and all of the new wave punks in the 1980's but their music suffered from being too simple, too pretentious, or too synth. Thankfully a new scene of musicians has sprouted worldwide that channels the vibes and rhythms of garage rock days gone by. Musicians like Mac Demarco, Ty Segall, and King Krule are becoming common knowledge names to those who have their fingers on the contemporary music pulse. However, like the parts of the Iron Giant, some of that late 60's mojo crawled together and coagulated down in the land down under giving us some great music that is unknown to most this side of the dingo fence. Here's a list of some great Aussie bands that definitely deserve some more attention here in the states.

DRUNK MUMS

The band that opened my ears up to the Oceanic sub-continent. The Mums pack a punch in songs like "Nanganator" while music videos like the one for the song "Pub On My Own" give a glimpse into their sense of humor.

MURLOCS

Often using a harmonica in a way that hasn't been heard since the likes of the Count Fives seminal hit Psychotic Reaction. The Murlocs "Space Cadet" and "Bogan Grove" are great takes on the classic hyper-fuzz-garage-sound of days gone.

KING GIZZARD AND THE LIZARD WIZARD

Call them stoner or call them psych, just be sure to give them a listen when their new album Nonagon Infinity drops on April 29th. Their music sounds like it was ripped off of an old acetate tape but that didn't stop their 2014 album I'm In Your Mind Fuzz from reaching #85 in the Australian charts.



In Defense of the UKULELE

Becky Burlak

If I can play circus-themed punk music on a ukulele, chances are that any genre is fair game. The limit does not exist.

There are some musical instruments that the general public takes less seriously than others. The triangle each kid loved in kindergarten, the recorder everyone had to learn in 4th grade, and the bongos you picked up in college are included among these. Existing apart from the more common instruments, these underdogs have to deal with affronts on their musical identities. One such victim of this is the ever-honorable ukulele, whose plight stems from gross misunderstanding and misjudgment.

Some people say that the ukulele is too small, that it's just living in the shadow of the guitar. If you can play one, you can play the other, right? Quite wrong! If you look at the neck of a ukulele you'll see four strings as opposed to a guitar's six. While the skill of switching between chords is transferable, little else is. The strumming pattern, the sound you get, and the chords themselves are different. It's undoubtedly easier to learn ukulele if you already dabble at guitar but make no mistake, the former is not just a diminutive version of the latter.

The next point ukulele persecutors never fail to bring up is the so-called lack of range the instrument has. My friends tell me that all songs sound the same on uke. It's difficult to play different genres and that the guitar covers so many more kinds of keys and tonalities. However, just because the music is in a higher key, doesn't mean it loses

any richness of sound. A skilled ukulele player can create a motley assortment of sounds spanning the genres. The higher pitch doesn't have to create a happy twinkly sound all the time. You can easily play all that depth and sadness, rock 'n' roll, slow tempo and funky beats and I assure you they won't all sound the same. If I can play circus-themed punk music on a ukulele, chances are that any genre is fair game. The limit does not exist.

I've sometimes wondered if I've lost anything in focusing more on ukulele and stepping back from the guitar but the reality is that it's ended up teaching me so much more about music. With the uke's 4 strings it's easier to see the correlations between different chords, which gives the person playing more room to freestyle and experiment. The D chord, for instance, is one finger short of being a B7 on a ukulele, something that isn't as visually clear on a guitar. If you move another finger over from that you have a Bm. On a guitar, in contrast, these chords look nothing like each other, making it harder to see their shared nuances. As someone who learns visually, the uke gives me more to play around with.

Please come join me in the ranks of the ukulele. It's a noble instrument that deserves to have its true creative potential appreciated. The more of us there are, the less we'll be asked to play "Somewhere over the Rainbow" for the hundredth time.



ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

REVIEW BY: TIM SCHOBEL

Hailing from Baltimore, Maryland, the experimental pop trio Animal Collective has been churning out music for the past decade and a half. They have consistently demonstrated an ever-changing approach to their creative process with each new record. For example, the style they brought to life on 2009's hugely successful *Merriweather Post Pavilion* was a far cry from that of their more abstract 2000 debut, *Spirit They're Gone, Spirit They've Vanished*. Such persistently dynamic creativity is part of how AnCo has established a reputation for setting new frontiers in electronic and pop music. Their latest release is no exception in this respect. This past February, Animal Collective released their tenth studio album, *Painting With*.

That day, February 19, I saw Animal Collective kick off the *Painting With* tour at Union Transfer in Philadelphia with my girlfriend and another friend. I've been a fan since *Merriweather*, so getting the chance to finally see them live had been on my bucket list for about seven years already. I was getting similar vibes from others I met at the show. Needless to say, everyone had pretty high expectations. Panda Bear (Noah Lennox), Avey Tare (David Portner), and Geologist (Brian Weiss) surpassed them all by the end of the night.

Painting With was still fresh in our minds, and seeing them do it live was everything we hoped it could be and so much more. They opened with "Natural Selection" and immediately we were spellbound. Their kaleidoscopic visualizer morphed in sync with their synths

and drum machines throughout the show like a synesthetic hallucination. As the one song blended seamlessly into the next, we saw another part of what makes their live shows so incredible—those transitions. They played almost continuously until closing with the album's final track, "Golden Gal."

By the end of the show, AnCo played almost all of *Painting With*, along with a few interesting and unexpected choices from their earlier material. They already said in interviews that they weren't going to perform certain older songs, like "Banshee Beat" or "My Girls," because they were simply overplayed. To them, these songs no longer felt appropriate. Some in the crowd joked that they might play something from *Spirit*.

And then they did.

We witnessed AnCo history that night, not only because it was their first record release show in about four years, but also because they played "Alvin Row" live for the first time ever. "Alvin Row," the 12-minute closing track of their first album, is a fan favorite and a testament to the band's creative potential ever since 2000. We were shocked when they slipped it into their set after "Daily Routine." Upon revisiting YouTube videos of the show later, I still can't believe I got the chance to see Animal Collective perform anything from their first album, let alone "Alvin Row."

The best part of this story is that they'll be playing again in New Jersey this May, so try to get a ticket if you can. You won't want to miss it.



BORIS'S BEST FRATS TO ENTER WITHOUT RATIO

LET'S BE HONEST, parties are one of the most exciting parts of starting college. Unfortunately for the male population of Rutgers, partygoers are subject to the concept of ratio because, let's face it, nobody wants guys at their parties unless there's at least 6.283185 girls for each guy present to sloppily hit on. Luckily, the experiences below might just have a chance of helping even the most ratio-less of guys.

TKE

Located near Easton and Ray, this is a prime example that how easy it is to enter a party is inversely proportional to the popularity of the fraternity. As soon as I entered I felt like I was going to be offered a bid. Keep in mind that popularity has little to do with the quality of the frat and/or party. If you see a party happening, confidently attempt to enter head-on; if you meet any resistance, just use Greek Privilege (this is where you say you're in another frat, preferably a more popular one like Pike or Kappa Sig).

ZBT

ZBT having the best house on campus meant I just had to get into one of their parties before they lose it after this year. Entering one of their parties without ratio likely takes a lot of luck. I was able to enter while a bunch of people were coming in, and I simply said I was guestlisted. Of course, they asked me who put me on, so I was ready to name people.

ΠΚΑ

Same process as SAE, however, their back door was also guarded so we got caught. It was blatantly obvious that we were trying to sneak in, so needless to say we were kicked out. But their interaction with us was so typical of a frat bro that the experience was still funny and worthwhile.

ΣΑΕ

Unfortunately for my friends and I, the Greek Privilege strategy failed us this time, and we were respectfully (hey, that's a plus!) denied. It's a good thing we had another strategy, otherwise that would've been the end of our attempt. Since most of the backyards are not separated by a fence, we were able to simply sneak around the back using someone else's backyard and enter. It was such a blind spot that I felt like I could just stand there and take \$5s from people who were entering the same way.

ΓΣ

Quite a simple transaction, really: they want money and you have money; they have a party and you want a party. Some might be sly and try to charge you \$10+, or make you bring ratio and money. Do yourself a favor and ignore those, because just like popularity, the amount you pay at the door has little to do with the quality of the party.

Missed Connections

➡ Michelle Chen

Missed in Midtown - w4w (Times Sq.)

You rushed passed me on a dreary March morning while I was walking to work. I still remember it was on Seventh Ave between 42nd and 43rd. You must have been in a hurry, because you bumped right into my shoulder and spilled my latte all over my shoes. I wonder where you were going that was so important you couldn't even stop to apologize — perhaps someone you loved was in the hospital, because I can't think of anything else that could be so important. I watched you hurry down the block until you disappeared into the throng of bodies, trench coat swishing around your knees in the wind. If you see this, I just really wanted you to know: I hope you tripped.

w4m (College Ave Gym)

A**hole in the Streets - w4w (Freehold Raceway Mall)

You: driving a white 4-door sedan, maybe a Honda Accord, but definitely some sorority-girl looking thing. Dyed blonde hair in need of a touch-up, probably mid-40s although it's hard to tell through the driver's side window. Talking on your cell phone when you stole my parking spot right out from under me.

Me: waited for the spot for five minutes. Diligently followed its previous occupant from the mall's door halfway through the parking lot. Was walking into a six-hour shift that ended at midnight. I really didn't need my day to be any more difficult than it already was, but then you appeared. I really think we can reconnect. Hit me up with your license plate number so I can find you and slash your tires you selfish motherf**ker.



FINDING YOUR Niche

Roshni Kamta

“What’s your niche?”

My what? Oh, an activity I like doing... Does Netflix count? I like to hit the next episode quite often. Oh, no, it doesn't count?

Well, I didn't really find my niche during my freshman year of college. You would think being in New York City I would be doing something exciting with my life. However, my freshman year was spent doing my gen eds, going out to sketchy bars with friends, and going on random Tinder dates because I was bored. That's when I discovered that a lot of crazy, weird shit happens to me. My friends have always told me, “You should blog about your life!” I didn't realize I actually should until the beginning of my sophomore year. One night I just Googled “How to start a blog” and, boom, “Keeping Up With Krishna” was born.

A lot of you are probably wondering where the name came from. Like, what the fuck is a Krishna? Well, over the summer I visited my old roommate in Los Angeles and we went to a party. One of her friends was too drunk to remember my name, so he referred to me as “Krishna the Hindu God”

(slightly racist but I'll go with it). The “Keeping Up” part was thought of by my roommate since my blog was going to be about all of the

crazy shit that happens to me.

By starting my own blog I discovered my writing style and learned to be a more open person. When I published my first ever blog post I didn't expect anyone to read it. A couple of days later, I noticed my views were at an all-time high. People were actually reading and liking what I wrote! I was sort of an up-and-coming Carrie Bradshaw (except I spent my money on food rather than shoes). I felt very accomplished and spent my first semester of sophomore year updating my blog every week with a new crazy adventure Krishna went on. Some adventures include: a night out at a gay men's bar; my Tinder dating life; and since I transferred out of the city, I now write about the crazy events that happen here at Rutgers.

Finding your niche in college is basically finding something you love to do and investing your time in it to make it great. You might not find it right at the beginning of your college experience, but I'm sure you'll find it during it. College is all about doing new things and finding out what you do and don't like. I hated writing when I came into college, but I found a passion for it once I made my own blog and discovered my writing style. After finding my niche, I feel less like a lost puppy trying to figure out what she wants to do with

her life. I actually sort of have my shit together after finding my niche; check it out at

KeepingUpWithKrishna.com. 

...FINDING
SOMETHING YOU
LOVE TO DO AND
INVESTING YOUR
TIME IN IT TO
MAKE IT GREAT.

Something About Flowers

BY: IAN BARBOUR

If you have existed for as long as I have, you might think that you would conform yourself to the notion that love is merely an act of advanced chemistry or a series of firing synapses. You may say that the word is but a pretty fluff of “emotion” and formality that disguises the primitive urge to mate. You may confuse permanence with objectivity. You may believe that your victory over death resulted in the spoils of boundless knowledge and the evolution of understanding. You would be incorrect. If you believe sentience such as my own equates to godhood, then, my friend, you are more incomplete than the impermanent who associate love with the words “commitment,” “bond,” and “passion.” Gods don’t exist—trust me, I’ve looked. It would help to get that silliness out of your head before I continue to explain.

Humanity is special to me—far more so than any other form of life that I have seen (you can stroke your vanity in that regard). You’re different enough to earn my criticism. This is why what I am about to tell you will be bittersweet, but it is better that you know the truth than to be led on by your own false convictions. Your kind has the right ideas, but none of you will ever know true love. It does exist, but cannot be attained at your level of mortality.

I suppose some context would suffice; after all, why should you heed to someone you don’t even know? For starters, ditch the words someone or something—don’t pull me down to comprehension. I could say that I am everything and nothing or the alpha and omega, but that is so cliché. What I am is everything outside your bubble of a planet. When your kind is able to push past its boundaries and perceptions, then perhaps we can shake hands. For now, just know that when existence began, so did I. Know that as you lay beneath the firmament, laying with your lover and gazing into the beyond in wonder, the beyond is gazing back. It is because of that initial gaze that I willed myself into “someone” and entered your world. It wasn’t the first time, and it certainly wasn’t the first world, but revelations spare nothing...not even me.

We were sitting atop a mountain, beholding the majesty of the aurora (it’s frustrating when humans rename my work, but the universe is a public domain after all). I had long grown past the pain of watching mortality and its inevitability consume my loves. It wasn’t about finding “the one,” as your kind describes it, but finding an impression. Many ones live across the eons, but existence finds many forms; it is able to achieve its own immortality.

“I’m confused,” she said.

“Why is that?”

She turned towards me, her face reflecting the flowing green waves of the sky. “I admire your apathy—you never fixate yourself on the mundane. You care about what matters to you, which is why there is always that shine in your eyes with me. We travel to the highest places on earth because you want me ‘to touch the stars’ and I see that shine when I can’t help but behold the night sky. What confuses me is the diminishing of that shine when you look towards the sky and stars themselves.”

“Perhaps I grow bored of the same sky,” I said with a grin.

“If there’s anything you’re passionate about, it’s space. That’s why I know you aren’t just supporting a passion of mine, as you insist even when I lull.”

She always had the power to make me fall in love with my own work, not in a display of vanity but as a form of detached astonishment. It was then that I slipped and elaborated upon her concern. “I regret that you aren’t able to see beyond this.”

“And you have?” she said in obvious disbelief.

My love and sorrow (as I understand your interpretation) conspired to envelop me, and had succeeded. “I have been hiding something,” I said before turning toward her. My pupils then filled my eyes and displayed constellations of their own. “It’s tough to approach.”

I gave her all of the time she needed. Under the green of the night she went through everything she ever knew and I answered everything. After a long silence, she spoke up. “I don’t know if I’m more shocked at your confession, or my comfort in it. So what are you?”

“I wish I could tell you, but if I showed you I believe you could understand. You’ve always wanted to see what lies beyond.”

“Are you able to show it to me?”

“Darling, I can set you free from your shell and splash your likeness across the universe. The stairways will whisper your name until the end of time. Regardless of where I am in the vast cosmos, you will be as well, but only if you wish it so.”

I saw the look of hesitation on her face—it was understandable.

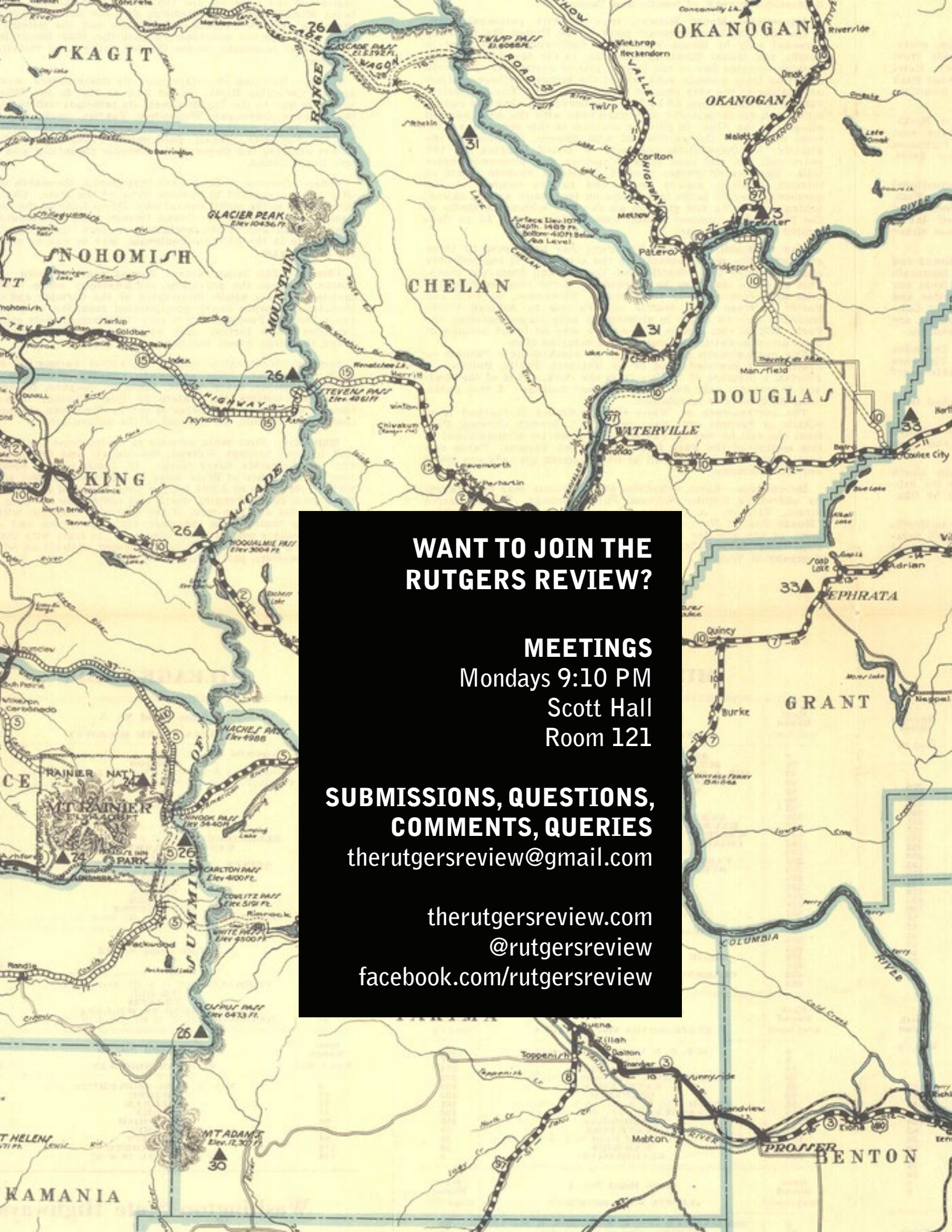
“Yes.”

I placed my hands around her ribs and began to pull her apart. I made sure my eyes projected the utmost elegant celestial bodies in order to keep her transfixed on me, rather than her deconstruction. I had directly visited another world only once prior to this moment and feared what this might do to her—the life on that planet no longer exists. As I knew—as I sincerely hoped, she made it through. “I love you,” I told her before what was in my hands was but a heart and an unstable amount of cosmic material. I finally understood what it meant to me, and what the phrase was about to connote. In what was the largest radiant burst your kind has ever seen, after I let go of the material she became something more. To put it in ways you can understand, whether I find myself in the darkest of voids or shaping the most ardent galaxies, her image will always remain.

Take this all as you will, humans, I’m not going to shape it into advice for you.

RR





**WANT TO JOIN THE
RUTGERS REVIEW?**

MEETINGS

Mondays 9:10 PM

Scott Hall

Room 121

**SUBMISSIONS, QUESTIONS,
COMMENTS, QUERIES**

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